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SINGLE COPIES OF THE NEWS.
Single copies of the News are three cents each. For convenience of patrons single copies of each issue for sale at the following places:
Bethel, W. H. Davis.
South Paris, W. H. Davis.
Norway, W. H. Davis.
Rumford Falls, C. C. Clifton.

BETHEL LOCALS.

Oxien remedies for the nerves in supply at J. G. Rich's.

Mrs. O. M. Mason has gone to Portland for a few days.

Chas Marwick of Portland is visiting at J. B. Chapman's.

The many friends of Mrs. E. C. Rowe will regret to learn of her critical illness.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Kimball of Bangor, and L. L. Mason and wife, visited Bethel, N. H., this week.

Miss Twombly, who has been teaching school at North West Bethel, is very sick at Mrs. Frost's, High street.

Mrs. O. M. Mason and Mrs. G. R. Wiley go to Portland today to attend the State Federation of Women's Clubs.

Davis Lovejoy and family went to Andover last Friday on a visit to relatives, and returned home Monday.

Others have found health, vigor and vitality in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it surely has power to help you also. Why not try it?

Rev. F. E. Barton will attend the New England Conference and General Convention of Universalists at Congress Square, Portland, next week.

Died in Bethel, September 24th, Sarah E. wife of William Reed, aged 52 years. Mr. Reed has broken up house-keeping, and is living with Ellis G. Annis, in Bethel village.

Henry and Wallace Farwell of Bethel, have raised the present season thirty tons of the best squash. A nice sample kindly left at my house, is in evidence of the finest quality.

The store of Geo. E. Clark & Co., at Gorham, N. H., was broken into Monday night and a quantity of rings, jewelry, shoes and clothing taken. Officer Barker received a dispatch Tuesday morning to be on the look out.

Mrs. Eliza Barrows of South Paris, has been allowed a pension of \$8 a month, with \$275 back pay, through the Bethel Pension Agency of J. G. Rich. Also, through the same agency, Albert G. Richardson of Bethel, of Com. "H," 13th Maine Regiment, was allowed a pension of six dollars a month.

Bears are thicker than flies in this vicinity. Mr. Knapp of Newry, has killed three since Sunday.

Mr. E. A. Wyman has been in Millbridge a few days past.

Wm. K. Astor, of New York, was at the Bethel House, Tuesday.

Pert Smith was found dead in bed at the poor farm this morning.

Robert Foster will go to the lakes, hunting, tomorrow.

Excursion to Boston.

There will be an excursion on the Grand Trunk to Boston, going on any train Sunday, Oct. 26th, and good to return until November 5th. The fare for the round trip is \$3.50, with the choice of going by boat or rail from Portland.

Blood is Life.

It is the medium which carries to every nerve, muscle, organ and fibre its nourishment and strength. If the blood is pure, rich and healthy you will be well; if impure, disease will soon overtake you. Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to keep you in health by making your blood rich and pure.

HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, biliousness, 25c.

Gould's Academy Notes.

Miss Abbott is ill.

Some very fine vocal music was rendered by the young ladies during noon hour, Friday.

This week is the beginning of the last half of the fall term.

A new scholar comes to us this week in the person of Miss Hutchins, of Lovell.

In the morning devotional exercises selections have been made from Gospel Hymns, No. 5, of late.

The rhetorical exercises Friday afternoon, were as follows: Recitations by Misses Abbott, Brooks, Capen, Florence and Barbara Carter, Cristabel and Trenna Brown, Messrs. Brooks and Bisbee. Compositions were read by French and Hamilton, Misses Smith and Shaw.

The long talked of "school-walk" came off Monday afternoon. Paradise Hill seemed to be the favorite spot, and thither the school wended its way in a body. The time was spent very pleasantly in kicking foot-ball, telling stories and playing games. The boys employed their pent-up energies in rolling large rocks down over the ledge. If they work as hard at home, they must be very useful members of their families.

Silverware.

You should see some of the dainty articles I have in Sterling Silver, such as Cream Ladles, Berry Forks, Cold Meat Forks, Bon Bon Spoons, Etc.

Also a big line of Plated Ware. Including Cake Baskets, Butter Dishes, Berry Dishes, Bon Bon Dishes, Card Trays, Pickle Jars, Pie Knife, Berry Spoons, Ladles, Cold Meat Forks and many others. Call in and see us.

Edward King, "The Jeweler,"
6 MAIN ST.,
Near Depot, Bethel.

Wedding Ceremonies.

The usage by which the priest, joining the hands of the man and woman after their consent to the marriage, with such words as "Et ego vos coniungo," etc., joins the ends of the stoles upon the hands so joined is ancient, but was not universally followed. It is ordered in some early Roman sacramental, but disappeared from the Roman ritual at or before the revision of Paul V. It was, however, retained in the local books of many continental dioceses.

At Liege the hands were bound together with the ends of the stoles, and the practice was very possibly the same elsewhere, though I cannot at this moment give another instance of this particular detail. But it would seem that the usage was not followed in England. I am not aware of any trace of it in any ancient English service book. Indeed the ceremony with which it is connected is absent from most English books, probably because in the English forms of the service the joining of hands took place at the time when the man and woman gave their troth to one another. The later joining of their hands by the priest after the delivery of the ring was introduced into England in 1549. It is a ceremony analogous to but distinct from that with which the action with the stole is sometimes conjoined. Hence it would appear that the use of that action in the marriage service of the Church of England is of the nature of innovation rather than of restoration, and that the innovation is founded on a mistake. —Notes and Queries.

Rossetti and His Impossible Women.

It is said that Rossetti never learned to draw. The same is said of many painters, and the French say it of all Englishmen. It is certain that the want of closest study of a young man hampers him all his life, and that he was never sure of perspective, distances, etc. We are not going to quarrel with Rossetti's, but in his pictures and flowers, he has made some such errors, and he has been anywhere but in paradise. If he had mastered technical difficulties with pre-Raphaelite "sincerity," they would have been as beautiful and less unreal. But in painting flesh and hair and drapery, in combining brilliancy of color like that of Menzies with depth and gradation like that of Leonardo, no English painter ever equalled him.

Exception is taken to the monotony of Rossetti's women, drawn from two or three types. The fault must be shared with almost all painters. There is the Raphael type of face, the Correggione type, the Titian type, and so on. What the objects mean is probably that they do not like the type. It is so entirely void of criticism would be the impertinence and we can only say, without expressing a judgment, that to our eye the lips, the throats, the fingers, of Rossetti's beauties have something in them which is not quite human, but is like the flesh of elfins, fauns or lamias, those magical beings who capture the passions of men, but not their hearts. —Quarterly Review.

The Load of a Dust Storm.

Blown dust is a general and familiar nuisance to housekeepers over the entire west. A minimum estimate, verified by direct settling on floors during such storms is about a fourth of an ounce of dust on a surface of a square yard in half a day. A maximum estimate made with a velocity of five miles per hour for the time the storm lasts, or for 24 hours, the dust may be supposed to settle on not less than 85 square yards of surface, including floor space and horizontal surfaces of furniture. The minimum estimate, based on these figures, gives us 225 tons of dust to the cubic mile of air. The maximum estimate would be 126,000 tons. —Popular Science Monthly.

A Rhapsody on a Matten Chop.

When a primitive man wants breakfast, he takes a sheep, kneels upon it, holds it between his legs, and cuts its throat. He slices, and takes a slice out of it, fries it on the coals for breakfast.

We also demand not less imperatively, for our breakfast, but we manage it another way. We procure an individual some way off to kill the beast, and another out of our sight to cook it. We have a paper frill put round the bone to disguise it, and set a pot of flowers straight before us to look at while we eat it—but to the sheep—to the sheep—it can make little difference which way it is eaten! We still do our human work, but we do it by proxy. And it may be questioned whether what we gain in refinement we have not lost in sincerity. —Fortnightly Review.

A Man's Diary.

"There are but two biographers who can tell the story of a man's or a woman's life," writes Oliver Wendell Holmes. "One is the person himself or herself; the other is the recording angel. I should like to see my man's biography with corrections and emendations by his ghost. We don't know each other's secrets quite so well as we flatter ourselves we do. The biographer who is practically possible would not tell his story! A very wise and good man, who filled a great earthly place, said to me more than once or twice, 'I put no secrets into my diary.' —Gentleman's Magazine.

The first fire bricks made in this country were manufactured in Baltimore in 1827. The bricks were made from the backs of the old fashioned fireplace, the limestone proving too friable.

The fineness of our gold coins is about 90 per cent.

The first commercial paper in this country was the Boston Prices Current and Marine Intelligence, Commercial and Mercantile, issued in that city Sept. 5, 1795.

The 3 cent silver piece weighed 12.375 grains.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Nov. 2—National Election, Oct. 26—Oxford County Medical Association, South Paris.

STATE NEWS.

Michael Burns, for assault with intent to kill his brother-in-law, Harry Hopkins, in July 1895, has been sentenced to three years and eight months at hard labor in the State prison.

John Greely, while going from Suttens Island to Northeast, in a skiff was drowned Monday. A boy with him was saved.

The body of Alexander Davis was found Monday on the shore at the high water mark near the south marine wharf at Portland. It is supposed that he fell overboard. He was sixty years old and a pauper from St. George.

Reduction of the working time of the Maine Central shops in Waterville from 10 to 9 hours a day went into effect the first of the week. Over 200 men are affected by the cut down.

The October term of the Oxford Supreme Court assembled Tuesday, Judge Charles Walton of Deering, presiding. Three hundred cases are on the docket, but it is not expected the cases actually assigned for trial will occupy more than two weeks. As there was no grand jury at the May term all the criminal business since the February term will be considered, and also fifteen continued cases.

Home for Destitute and Friendless Boys, at Deering, Maine.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF LITTLE SAMARITAN AID SOCIETY OF PORTLAND.

The Little Samaritan Aid Society of Portland, was formed and incorporated, Feb. 8th, 1896, for the purpose of assisting friendless and destitute boys of Maine. During the past three years, fifty children have been aided in various ways. Twenty were placed in family homes. Adoptions, fourteen. Clothing and employment have been provided for many. This is distinctively a Boys' Aid Society. The work assumed such proportions that it was deemed advisable to start a Home, where boys could be placed temporarily until permanent places, or work, as the cases demanded, could be obtained for them. The officers are glad to announce, that sufficient funds have been pledged to encourage the starting of a Home, on the above plan, which was opened Dec. 8th, 1895. The location is most desirable in every respect, and the place easy of access by electric cars from Portland, also by Maine Central R.R., and Portland and Rochester R.R. The Home is in Deering, Me. (one-half mile from Westbrook Junction) and has accommodations for twenty boys. It is not the aim of the society to build an institution, but a Home whose doors shall be open to receive any needy boy in the State. The gratifying results of the work for the past few months, is convincing proof of the wisdom of this plan. Sixteen boys have been cared for since December, their age varying from six to thirteen years. Eight of the older boys are at present in good homes, while four of the younger have been legally adopted.

Letters from the boys, and also from those who have taken these little ones to their hearts and homes, are most satisfactory. A careful supervision of all boys placed out is made annually, and shows conclusively that it is the best policy to gather up the homeless and neglected little ones, and place them in families, where they can have care and training to fit them for usefulness in life.

When it is remembered that our State provides for every class of unfortunate except needy boys, not proper subjects for the Reform School, it must be apparent to every thoughtful observer, that this Boys' Home is supplying a long felt want.

It has been the good fortune of the Little Samaritan Aid Society, thus far, to respond and give efficient aid to all cases brought to its notice. To make happier, to enlarge, to beautify the lives of poor, helpless children appeals so strongly to kind hearts, that we earnestly hope for co-operation in this direction, that the good work may be extended. Every dollar contributed will help some poor lad to a start in life. Contributions may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. Wm. Chamberlain, 145 Middle Street, Portland. Applications for admissions or for further information concerning the Home, address, Mrs. M. E. McGregor, President, Little Samaritan Aid Society, 295 Spring St., Portland, Maine.

Autumn Days.

(Written for the News.)
The trees are shedding their beautiful dresses,
Dresses of yellow and red,
Oh! What a cold, barren world this will be
When the last of the leaves are shed.

The winter will seem to be coming fast,
On the wings of purest white,
And who will be glad, when they see the last
Of the days that are pleasant, and bright.

Think of the years that have passed away,
And the years that are coming fast,
And shall we not think of the Autumn day,
As a day of enjoyment past?

When winter comes the graves of our dead
Will be covered with cold, cruel snow,
But now the bright trees are bowing their heads,
As if trying to lessen our woe.

It seems as though God with His mighty hand,
And loving, watchful care,
Was bidding us treasure His beautiful land,
With the Autumn leaves so fair.

Maudie Aya Bartlett, Bethel, Me.
Be Kind.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wast young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And in his time innocent glees.

Be kind to thy father now he is old,
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother, for low on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen,
Oh! Well mayest thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.

Remember thy mother, for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at thy birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.

Be kind to thy brother wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be Ah ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister, not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love,
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below:
The surface that sparkles above.

Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway shall crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers
More precious than wealth or renown.

Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold,
Be kind to thy mother so near,
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold,
Be kind to thy sister so dear.

FOR SALE.

Dry wood, slab wood, edgings, etc., lathes, shingles, clapboards and lumber of all kinds.

F. L. EDWARDS,
Bethel, Me.

Advertised Letters.

Letters advertised in Bethel, Me., post office:

Mr. Alfred R. Bates.

M. M. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Creamer.

Miss Harriette Knight.

N. Moore, Esq.

Cyrus T. Ring.

MARRIAGES.

In Berlin, Oct. 11, by Robert Chamberlain, J. P., Mr. E. A. Steady and Miss Belle Ward, both of Berlin.

In Canton, Sept. 12, Mr. Walter E. Marston and Miss Esther Austin.

In Rumford Center, Sept. 12, by Rev. W. H. Conigdon, Mr. Archie H. Curtis of Roxbury, Me., and Miss Eva D. Hall of Rumford.

In Grafton, Oct. 1, Charles Melnis and Florence Brooks.

In Norway, Sept. 19, by Rev. B. S. Eide, Geo. H. Gould and Maud E. Cullinan, both of Norway.

In Norway, Oct. 7, by Rev. B. S. Eide, out, A. Winfield Allen of Raymond, and Evis I. Kimball of Norway.

BIRTHS.

In North Paris, Oct. 2, to the wife of H. R. Edgerly, a daughter.

In North Paris, Oct. 2, to the wife of A. D. Andrews a daughter.

In Paris, Oct. 5, to the wife of Willis Edwards, a son.

In West Sumner, Sept. 14, to the wife of George West, a son.

In Albany, Sept. 27, to the wife of Fred Clarke, a daughter.

In East Brownfield, Oct. 3, to the wife of Herbert Williams, twins, a son and daughter.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

My Two Kittens.

I have two kittens, black and grey.
And when I want them, they run away!
They often sleep in a nice rocking-chair,
And the black one looks very much like a bear.

The grey one sometimes purrs to me,
And a very large cat I think he will be.
We call him Tiger—the little grey one,
And with them both have lots of fun.

N. Shirley Russell.

CHILDREN'S STORY.

Kitty's Plan and What Came of It.
(Continued from last week.)

The whole thing was a problem to roly-poly Kitty, and a very perplexing one it was, knotting up her little forehead till it looked as if some one had suddenly pulled the "puckering string" and tied it in a hard knot. When she awoke from her brown study it was to hear mamma's voice saying: "Why Kitty, dear, what are you thinking of? I have told you three times to go and black your muddy boots, and you haven't heard me at all." Now there was just one thing Mrs. Trumbull had always insisted on: it had been that Kitty herself should keep her boots clean and nicely blackened, so she was quite an adept at the art. Ordinarily it took her a very short time, but this afternoon she worked very slowly, so slowly and so mechanically, in fact, that she resembled one of those clocks one sees in the shoe stores where the second hand is represented by a boy on his knees, blacking some one's boots—the boots always in process but never finished.

Suddenly an idea struck Kitty, and her face lighted up. She'd do it—yes, she would, and she wouldn't tell a living soul, not even mamma, till she earned a lot of money. She knew mamma would approve, of course, because she had said it was so nice in Jennie to work around among the neighbors that way, and keep her mother, and here was just the chance she was looking for. Having permission to go out, she went over to Mrs. Lollar's, across the street.

"I haven't come to see you this afternoon, Elmor," she said with an air of importance, when she met little eight-year-old Elmor at the gate. "I have come to see your mother." Elmor stood in amazement at the most unusual greeting. But Kitty sailed on with her air of importance till she entered the kitchen. "Elmor's out front," said poor, tired Mrs. Lollar (for she had four children younger than Elmor, and kept no regular help, so she had "heaps to do," as she said). "I've come, Mrs. Lollar, to ask you something. We're poor now, you know," announced Kitty, seriously, little dreaming of the awful depths there are in the word "poor."

"Good gracious, child, poor? How long since?" exclaimed Mrs. Lollar in amazement, having found speech at last.

"Why, day before yesterday, I think it was, papa told mamma something about watered stocks. I heard mamma say once that the milk was so poor she guessed it was watered, so maybe it's something like that; anyway, we're poor. Oh, not the really, really kind of poor that doesn't have butter on their bread. But I want to earn some money."

"I! Bless you, child what can you do to earn money?"

"Why, I heard you say the other night, Mrs. Lollar—but I don't want anybody to hear, for it's a great secret? So she whispered her plan to Mrs. Lollar, who, though she did not approve of the plan, felt tears in her eyes at the prattle of the generous little girl.

"Promise me, Kitty, that you won't go anywhere but here, and we'll try it for a week."

"No I won't go anywhere but here, and you won't tell mamma, will you?" "No, not for one week, and I'll give you a penny apiece for them."

The week passed by, and though Kitty's actions at times seemed a little out of the usual run, no one thought much about her, as she was not prone to mischief; and really, every one was so busy with other thoughts that they had little time to spend on thinking of Kitty.

Proud and radiant was Kitty Trumbull as she walked into the parlor Saturday evening, and laid upon her father's knee five little silver dimes, remarking gleefully, "We needn't be poor any more, papa, because I am going to earn money; I earned all that this week."

"Kitty!" from mamma in amazement.

"Why, my dear?" from papa, as he looked at mamma for an explanation. But mamma only shook her head.

"Oh, no," answered Kitty gaily, "mamma don't know. I only told Mrs. Lollar, and she said she wouldn't tell anybody, but that I mustn't either, and that I mustn't go anywhere but to her house, so I didn't."

"But my dear, how did you earn the money?"

"Blackin' shoes," answered Kitty triumphantly.

"Blackin' shoes?" gasped mamma. "Kitty Trumbull a boot-blacker!" and papa roared with laughter.

"I didn't black any boots," answered Kitty indignantly, ready to cry, so different had her reception been from the one she expected.

"My dear, tell me all about it, said mamma quietly, determined to get at the bottom of the thing at once. So Kitty told all her little story as to how she had confided the family troubles to Mrs. Lollar, and, etc., etc.

Papa and mamma, though much inclined to smile at various points of the recital, were much touched by their little daughter's efforts to help. But they explained to her just why there was no necessity for her to go out as a "boot-black" any more.

"Dear me, Mrs. Trumbull," laughed Mrs. Lollar. "I can't see how I'm going to get along without my little boot-black. It was the greatest comfort to me to imagine to know that those shoes were sure to be cleaned every morning without my thinking about them."

"Mamma," spoke up Kitty, "why couldn't Jennie do it? It's a sitting-down job, you know, and everybody could know she was doing it, you know." "That's a bright idea, Kitty Clover," said mamma, and Mrs. Lollar agreed. So shortly Jennie was established in a flourishing business, and each morning the sharp click of her street might be heard along the street, with her neat little box swung over her shoulder by a strap as she went from door to door and put her very best polish on the children's muddy little shoes. So you see what came of Kitty Trumbull's plan.

MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT,
Bethel, Me.

Dear Editor:—

It was a great surprise to me to get the prize. I thank you for the book you gave me. I have read some in it and I like it very much. I shall always keep the book nice. I enjoy reading the children's column and shall have more courage to write again.

I have been on another visit. My friend Fannie Swan invited me to go home with her from school. She lives upon Chandler Hill. I enjoyed the ride very much. We went upon Water Spout Mountain which is back of her house, and got some oak-scurves. I had a nice time, I was sorry to leave Fannie, she had been exposed to the measles and seemed to be coming down with them. She felt bad because she could not come to school. I do not want to make my letter too long, so I will close.

Yours truly,
Lula M. Arno.

Brockton, Mass., Oct. 4th, 1896.

Dear Editor:—

I saw in your paper that you offered a prize for the best letter, having for a title, "How I Spent My Vacation." I thought I would try for the prize. Our school closed the eighteenth of June, and commenced the eighth of September. I went to Braintree to my uncle's house. My cousin is about my age. We went to Weymouth quite often. There were also three other girls about my size who lived near my cousin. I had a good time while I was there. Before I went there I went to Nantucket Beach. I went in bathing when I was there, and had a fine time. My cousin and I went to Quincy, which is only a ten cent fare from where I was visiting. I saw a baked bean supper, and social, and had a very good time. We used to go to the post-office most every day. East Braintree is a country place. We went blue-berrying and black-berrying. The blueberries were quite thick and so were the blackberries in some places. When I came home I picked forty-two quarts of cranberries in two days. I went to Highland Park (which is open in summer and closed in winter), on Labor day and had a very good time. I am fourteen years of age, and am in the second Grammar class; if I get promoted, this year I will be in the last class, which is already for High School. I can't think of anything more to write so will close.

Yours truly,
Cora W. Annis,
397 Prospect Street, Brockton, Mass.

Premiums.

Since we made our premium offer a few weeks ago, we have received a large number of subscriptions from the children; the little girls, especially, have done good work, and we think all of them feel well repaid for their trouble.

Now we are going to make another offer: To any little girl who will secure a new subscriber for six months, accompanied by sixty-five cents, we will give a pretty doll. A better doll will be given for a year's subscription, \$1.25; for three subscriptions for one year, at \$1.25 each, we will give a large, beautiful doll, with flaxen curls, prettily dressed. Our offer of knives for the boys who will bring in new subscribers, is still open.

NOTICE.

To the Tax Notice of Bethel.

You are hereby notified that all taxes on real estate, for the year 1896, not paid by the 25th of this month, will be advertised and sold to satisfy the same.

Also, by vote of the town, interest will be added to all taxes of 1896, not paid before the 1st of November.

S. B. TWITCHELL,
Collector.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

Can be obtained in but few places,

THE NEAREST YOU

can come to this in Oxford County is at the ware room of the BETHEL CHAIR CO.

where you can purchase fine

OAK CHAMBERSUITS

FORMERLY SOLD FOR 40 TO \$50

—FOR \$20. AND \$25.

We handle all our goods from first hands directly from Factory

We also keep in stock

AT Spruce Boards, Joists, Lathes,

BOTTOM PRICES Shingles, both Spruce and Canadian Cedar.

BETHEL CHAIR CO.,

Bethel, Maine

FOR SALE.

H. C. BARKER,
Manufacturers Agent, Dealer in—
Doors, Sashes
Window Blinds.
FOOT OF HIGH ST., - BETHEL, MAINE
C. L. DAVIS,
General Trucking and Dealer in
COAL, ICE, &c.
Trucking of every kind promptly attended
to. Orders to be left at house.
G. L. DAVIS,
MAIN STREET, BETHEL, MAINE

TAUGHT TO DO BY DOING
BRYAN'S PORTLAND COLLEGE
SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING SCHOOL
OFFICE PRACTICE FROM THE START.
By Theory Discarded. Send for Free Catalogue.
L. A. GRAY & SON, Portland, Me.

BUSINESS
Education
Actual business by mail and common carrier at
The Shaw Business College
PORTLAND, ME.
F. L. SHAW, PRINCIPAL

Lovejoy House,
W. F. Lovejoy & Son, Prop'rs,
BETHEL HILL, - MAINE.
This popular house has been repaired since
last season, the stable and outer buildings
have been moved to the rear of the house,
leaving the view of the mountains
unobscured. Parlor, dining room, and
kitchen are all new. The most desirable
places in the Mountain region.

DR. J. B. KENDALL'S
BLACKBERRY
BALSAM!
A SURE CURE FOR
Diarrhea, Dysentery, Chol-
era and all Summer
Complaints.
KIMBALL BROS. & CO., Sole Pro's
BETHEL, ME.
For Sale by R. E. L. Farwell.

JUNE 1 TO DEC. 15, 1896
NOTICE
If you have WINTER to be carded, bring
around to W. W. Hamlin's mill, South
Waterford, Me., or to G. A. Cole, Agent,
Norway, Me., or to W. K. Hamlin, Bridg-
ton, Me., R. R. Station.
DO NOT GREASE WOOL.
Six Bales were carded at this mill
last year. Owing to some mills being
washed away by the freshets, we shall
expect to do much more this year. Come
early before the rush.
With nine years of experience, and
cards in perfect condition, we think we
can please you all.
W. K. HAMLIN.

E. E. WHITNEY & Co.,
BETHEL, ME.
Marble & Granite
Workers.
Chaste Designs,
First-Class Workmanship.
Letters of inquiry promptly
answered. See our work.
Get our prices.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
E. E. WHITNEY & CO.

Sporting
Goods,
Guns,
Rifles,
Powder,
Shot,
and
Shells
At
HAPGOOD'S
LOWER MAIN ST.,
BETHEL - MAINE.

LIFE, FIRE
& ACCIDENT
Insurance
placed in reliable companies.
Rates as low as can be made any-
where by
Safe and
Square Dealing
Companies.
ALL LOSSES
Promptly Settled!
Call on or address,
S. N. BUCK,
CROSS BLOCK.
BETHEL, MAINE

EMPLOY
We
Thousands
F. E. PERKINS, Manager
CONTRACTING, BUILDING, AND
REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS OF
BUILDINGS. Estimates given
promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Telephone connection.

The County News.

SHORT PARAGRAPHS Collected by our Local
Correspondents, for the BETHEL NEWS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
You are earnestly requested to
send us the news from your locality
every week. If you get out of sta-
tionary drop us a line.
In every town where we have not
already got a correspondent we
would like to make arrangements
with some person to furnish us with
items. Write us.

WEST BETHEL.
In the air there's a wintry feeling.
As the leaves drop brown and bare;
This thought is over me tonight—
Old winter will soon be here.
Tramps are numerous.
Frost-bitten apples are plenty.
A dandelion blossom was given
us on Sunday last.

Mrs. Ella A. Wight of Gilead
has been visiting her father, E. R.
Briggs, for a few days.
Mrs. Hattie A. Grover went to
Bethel Sunday, to see her sister,
Mrs. Addie Lapham.

Rev. J. J. Wheeler of West Paris,
held a meeting in the school house
on Sunday last, and hopes to come
again in two weeks.
G. B. Lowell and family are
pleasantly settled in their new
home, and need only good health
to make them happy.

The stone and brick foundation
for the new church is completed,
and work on the frame of the
building will begin at once.
On Friday last we visited our
only living uncle, Joseph H. Briggs
of Albany, and there had the pleasure
of meeting for the first time,
the Marshall Hill correspondent of
the News.

NORTH NORWAY.
Mrs. Henry Hamlin is very low
with consumption.
Mrs. R. J. Frost slipped down
and broke her arm.
Bears have been destroying
apples on Oscar Cox's farm, near L.
A. Carter's.

Buyers are offering 40 cents a
barrel for apples, the seller to re-
turn the barrel.
Eugene Merrill and wife have
gone to Boston after goods to re-
plenish their stock.
C. D. Herriock has moved into H.
E. Hussey's house, and I. H. Lord
to the "Tracy" house.

BUCKFIELD.
Chas. Gautier has bought a stand
of Horace Farrar.
Dr. Decoster and family from
Rumford Falls have been in town.
Married, by Rev. Mr. Lawrence,
Sept. 30th, A. T. Cole and Miss
Josephine E. Caldwell.

Dr. Charles Bridgman of
Cohasset is visiting his brothers,
T. S. and Wm. Bridgman.
Mrs. Reuben Foss has bought of
O. H. Hersey and J. W. Swan the
stand occupied by Alfred Holland.
Lewis M. Wing of West Peru,
an old time friend and neighbor,
visited his friends in this place a
week ago.

Yern Allen and family have re-
turned from Diamond Island, and
have taken the rent over C. C.
Spaulding's store.
NEWRY.
E. B. Knapp has killed two bears
this week.
Orrin Foster will go to Berlin
Falls this week.

There was a husking C. S. Bak-
er's last Tuesday evening.
The Praying Band from Bethel
will be at the Newry Corner church
next Sunday.

MARSHALL HILL.
Wallace Cummings made us a
call last Sunday.
Jack Frost has made his appear-
ance in this place.
G. W. Briggs went to Bethel one
day last week on business.

The writer received a very pleas-
ant call from the West Bethel cor-
respondent last Friday; also his
daughter, Mrs. John Wight of Gil-
ead.
A large bear came into G. W.
Briggs' field back of his house and
helped himself to pop-corn, then
went to sweet apples. It looks as
though bruin had made it his rest-
ing-place a number of days here.

GILEAD.
B. M. Prescott is having a run of
typhoid fever.
Village school commenced Mon-
day. "Better late than never."
A party of neighbors harvested
B. M. Prescott's potatoes recently.
Items are rather scarce and your
correspondent too busy to hunt
them up.

H. P. Wheeler invited all the Re-
publicans to his house to spend the
evening recently, and a good crowd
and nice time was had.
"I had chronic diarrhoea for ten
years," says L. W. Lichlein, a
justice of the peace at South
Easton, Pa. "No remedy afforded
me real relief until I was induced
to try Chamberlain's Colic,
Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.
It cured me, and for a year I have
had no return of the trouble." It
has also cured many others, among
them old soldiers who had con-
tracted the disease in the army
and given up all hope of recovery.
For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel,
and G. O. Jones, Bryant's Pond.

Seven Months With Fever.

Wonderful Recovery of Health.



Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve.
Mr. Baird's rapid and marvelous recovery
from a mere skeleton to his normal weight
of 200 pounds, was surely the fastest test of the
greatest strength-giving and building-up
medicine ever produced, namely:
Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve.
"Gentlemen—I wish to express to you my
gratitude for the great good that Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve has done for me. I was
in bed for seven months. After getting
over the fever, I was thin, nervous, and tired,
and did not regain my lost strength. I tried
several proprietary medicines, and at
last began trying your Nerve, and at
once began to improve. Was finally entirely
cured, and today I can say I never felt bet-
ter in all my life, and weigh 200 pounds.
This is my normal weight, as I measure
6 feet 5 inches in height."
South Bend, Ind.
J. H. BAIRD.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve.
"Dr. Miles' Nerve is sold on a positive
guarantee that the bottles for 25 cents
will cure you of all nervousness, or
if not, your money will be refunded."
All druggists sell it at 25 cents per bottle.
For full particulars, send for a copy of
the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

MILAN, N. H.
H. B. Ellingswood has moved
into the woods.
Mrs. S. E. Bunnell is in Boston on
a short visit.
The merry-go-round has been in
town for a week's stay.

Albert Rush has gone to driving
stage for L. L. McIntire.
Mrs. H. E. Ellingswood is out of
the woods for a few days.
J. Howard Wight and wife of Ber-
lin, were in town Sunday.
Frank Vincent has his horse
completed, and moved into it last
week.

There was a box supper and
a pleasant entertainment at Mr.
Collins' recently.
T. A. Twitchell has gone to
Riley to scale for Blanchard and
Twitchell this winter.
Chas. Hamlin has bought the
house owned by Willard Lary and
will move in a few days.

EAST STONEHAM.
Died, at West Stoneham, Sept.
30th, David McKee. Funeral at
his residence Friday P. M., con-
ducted in accordance with the
order of the I. O. O. F. of which he
was a member. Deceased had
been in poor health for some time
past. He leaves a widow and
several children, most of whom
are grown-up. A good citizen gone.

Died, at East Stoneham, Oct. 1st,
Hilliard Macallister. Mr. Macallister
has been a great sufferer from
a cancer on his face for several
months past, and was carried to
his brother Ephraim's about three
months ago, where he died, and
where the funeral was held. He
was buried under the order of the
Free Masons, to which he belonged.
Deceased was a worthy and re-
spected citizen, and I think it may
be truly said of him, he had not
an enemy, but lived and died at
peace with his fellow men.

Jones J. Macallister of North
Waterford was taken to the hos-
pital at Portland for treatment last
Thursday. It has been some three
weeks or more since Mr. Macallister
complained of being ill, and
finally Dr. Coolidge was summoned.
He used all the remedies usual in
such cases (which appeared like
stoppage), without avail, then he
called the other physicians in
council. Fearing that an operation
might have to be performed, it was
deemed advisable to take the
patient to the hospital, where he
could have trained nurses and
other advantages not always
available at home. He was accom-
panied by Dr. Coolidge and Fred
Bartlett and stood the journey to
Portland as well as could be ex-
pected, or even better.

Hilton Macallister of North
Stoneham met with an accident
Sept. 10th. While at work in his
barn, he fell from a scaffold above
the high beams, breaking one of
his hips and otherwise injuring
him. At the time of the accident
there was no one at home but Mr.
Macallister and his aged mother,
a lady eighty-five years old. She
helped his wife for help and as-
sisted him to the house and shouted
until she raised an alarm at the
school-house, and Sydney, Mr.
Macallister's son went home to find
his father badly hurt, and went
for the doctor. Fortunately there
were three surgeons about a mile
distant at the time, and they re-
sponded to the call at once and set
the broken hip, and did all possible
under the circumstances. At last
accounts the patient was as com-
fortable as could be expected, but
it will be a long time before he
recovers, as he is not very strong,
and is rising sixty years.

George Whitehouse of Lovell,
trapped the largest male bear ever
captured in this vicinity, one night
last week. Mr. Whitehouse says
they did not weigh the bear, but
he was a monster—large enough to
kill a cow; if he had tried, but find-
ing sheep an easier prey, was satis-
fied, and had become the fattest
bear he ever saw. It was killed
very near Mr. Kendall's house in
Lovell. Frank Macallister, of this
town, is in partnership with Mr.
Whitehouse. They sold the hide
for \$23 to a Connecticut gentleman,
and realized quite a sum from the
meat.

Brother Hall of the "Aroostook
Republican" has just arrived
home from a fishing trip. He is
busily engaged drying his clothing,
and premeditates building an
"ark." He is at a loss to know
whether to put runners on it or to
have trucks, or only build a
common, flat bottom "skow." He
will no doubt get it about right, for
he is quite a "hustler."

LOVELL.
Charlotte Hobbs is teaching
school in District No. 4.
Labeling in the corn shop com-
menced about two weeks ago.
Quite a number from this place
attended the Fair at Fryeburg.
Miss Susan Walker has been
quite sick, but is slowly recovering.
Algernon Walker lost a colt a
short time ago; it was found
dead in the pasture.

GROVER HILL.
Vacation week after next.
The forests are not so beautiful
as they were last week.
Orrin Foster of Newry, was at
Nathan Stearns', a short time since.
E. S. Atherton of Colebrook, N.
H., called at N. A. Stearns', Mon-
day.

Mr. and Mrs. Horne of Milan, N.
H., paid a recent visit at Peter
Wheeler's.
Mrs. F. M. Whitman has returned
from Milan, N. H., accompanied
by her little niece, Beatrice Blake.
Mrs. Martha Sawin and little boy
accompanied Winnie Browne and
Marion Bennett home last Saturday.

Mrs. Ada E. Russell has returned
to her home at Haverhill, Mass.,
after a pleasant visit with her
parents.
R. L. Paine, T. L. Mabery, R. R.
and Jennie Mabery worked gather-
ing apples for N. B. Stearns last
week.

Louis C. Stearns, Jr., who is at-
tending Hebrew Academy, visited
his Aunt and Uncle in town last
Sunday.
LOCKE'S MILLS.
Dana Philbrook of Bethel, was in
town this week.

Mrs. W. F. Carr has returned from
her Canadian visit.
The Ladies' Circle will meet at
Mount Abram hall next Wednes-
day evening.
The spool mill is now running,
and as a consequence business
throughout the village is active.

The G. T. R. Co., are making
quite extensive improvements
about the station premises. The
crossing siding has been length-
ened to hold 45 cars, and a new
siding for loading purposes is being
put in, and other improvements are
contemplated.

LOVELL CENTRE.
Ira Heald is painting the inside
of his house.
John Harriman was at West
Fryeburg, Sunday.
Porter Keniston has been to
Saco on a business trip.

Mrs. Kate Grover has newly
boarded one side of his house.
Miss Louisa H. is at home
from Conway, N. H., where she
has been spending the summer.
F. A. McDaniels has sold his farm
to Herbert Heath of West Frye-
burg. Mr. Heath has moved on
his place and we wish him success
and happiness.

UPTON.
Laforest Bragg sold one of his
horses to James Gibbs.
Rose Manning is keeping house
for Mrs. Coolidge during her ab-
sence.
James Barner has hauled Mr.
Brewster's house boat out for the
winter.

Mrs. Kate Coolidge and two chil-
dren have gone to Canada, visiting
her relatives.
The ladies will serve a bulled
corn supper at the hall, Thursday,
the 15th. After supper a grab bag.
Silas Pease is home from White
Mountains, where he has charge of
a crew on the road. He is in the
employ of E. S. Coe of Bangor.

DENMARK.
Mrs. Geo. Bean moved to Hiram
Tuesday.
They finished labeling in the corn
shop, Saturday.
A young son was born to the
wife of C. I. Smith, Sunday the 11th.
Great apples are selling for 10
cents a bushel on the trees.

Steve Jewett and Willis Sanborn
have swapped horses.
Walter Powers and wife returned
to their home in Newry Wednes-
day, last week.
The steam mill, which has oper-
ated at Hiram several years, saw-
ing oak, owned by parties in Law-
rence, Mass., is being moved to
Berry's Mills, in our town, and set
up to saw out the oak lumber in
this section, which is quite plenty.

H. W. Merrill has bought Mr.
Dows blacksmith shop and busi-
ness at Hiram bridge and moved
Monday. Mr. Merrill's horse ran
away hitched to a farm rig from
Swan's shop and knocked the horse
of C. O. Pendexter down and broke
it loose, which after ward ran hit-
ted to his top buggy. A shattered
head stall, a broken thill and spring
the result.

Nothing to Ate.
Pat—How do you find on the silver
question, Mike?
Mike—Sixteen to wan is not
plentiful.
Pat—This is it? Well, me laddyback,
if you and the long phisker cranks
win I'm thinking that by next winter
tryback's platform will be "Nothing
to Ate."—Detroit Journal.

The farmers complain because they
cannot find markets for all their pro-
ducts. How would the doubling of prices
under free silver enable the work-
men of the cities and factory towns to
buy more than they do now?

LUCIEN BONAPARTE'S SONS.
They Were an Energetic Lot, but Had
Few Other Good Qualities.
Prince Lucien Bonaparte was the best
of the four sons of Lucien I. The others
made the status of the church too hot to
hold them. All had impetuous, master-
ful tempers and literary and archaologi-
cal tastes. In different ways each con-
tributed to bleed the late emperor of money.
The youngest, brought up at Musignano
among the Etrurians remains which
their father dissipated during more
than 20 years, to the enrichment of
most of the great museums of Europe.
Pierre and Antoine lived like hand-
dits, carrying out women and shooting
the men who went to stop or came to
arrest them. Pierre fired his final shot
at Victor Noir, at Autenil, and killed him.
The eldest, whom I remember as
Prince of Musignano, was married to a
daughter of his uncle Joseph. He re-
volted against the pope, was president
of the Roman constituent, and such a
violent domestic tyrant that his wife
ran away to Paris to supplicate the
pope to protect her and her son—the
future cardinal.

The Prince of Musignano met this by
threatening to publish certain papers of
the first London proving over and over
again the dishonor of Josephine and
Horatius. Louis Napoleon bought these
documents at his cousin's price. The
death of the wife, Zenaida, put an end
to the life of the Prince Lucien, who
obtained a civil list pension of
\$250 a year—about the fourth of the en-
tire fund—figured in Paris during the
second republic as an ultra Liberal. He
played this card until he got a large
sum of money and a senatorship. This
post was honorary, as he had to live out
of France.

Antoine, the youngest of the four
brothers, led a charmed life. His life
was spared by the pope at the applica-
tion of Lady Dudley Stuart and her
mother. The papal government banished
him, and he went to Greece, where he
got into another serious scrape. In New
York he had the narrow escape of be-
ing lynched for forgetting that he was
not at Musignano. Thence he went to
Mexico and Panama, with a scheme in
his head that he and Louis had talked
over at Bonaventura for making an in-
ter-oceanic canal? He laid the egg at
Columbia (2) which his cousin Lucien
Wyse and De Lesseps hatched 16 years
ago. Thus, had the man sent to arrest
Antoine shot, instead of being shot by
him, the Panama bubble would not
have been inflated in our time.—Paris
Letter in London Truth.

Teaching Them English.
The simple and effective method of
teaching English to the children of Ital-
ians, Portuguese, Polish and German
Jews used in the north end schools of
Boston might profitably be adopted by
other cities which are obliged to face
the fact that within their borders are
thousands of foreign children who know
nothing of the customs, institutions or
language of this country. A writer in
the Boston Transcript thus describes the
method:

The children, within a few days after
their arrival, are sent to the public
schools, a rule without compulsion,
and here they are first of all taught the
English language. It is done by a sys-
tem of object lessons. The teachers in
the elementary rooms are young women,
as men would not be patient enough to
accomplish the best results.

The teacher may point to her eye and
say, "This is my eye," repeating it sev-
eral times and requiring the pupils to
repeat it in unison. Other portions of
the body are pointed out in a similar
manner, and then familiar objects in
the room are in the same way brought
to the attention of the children.

Later, when they have made sufficient
progress in the language, it becomes de-
voted to teach the different tenses. To
accomplish this, a boy or girl is directed
to run slowly round the room, when the
teacher and children say in unison,
"That boy is running," repeating the
sentence several times. The boy is then
told to halt, and the teacher and pupils
say in unison, "That boy did run,"
again, "That boy is standing still,"
"That boy can run," "That boy is walk-
ing," "That boy walks fast," "I can
walk," "I can run," "I did walk,"
etc.

These and other sentences, as they
are spoken, are written on the black-
board by the teacher, and the pupils
write them on their slates. Thus they
are taught the language and taught to
spell, read and write almost simultane-
ously.

The Compass Plant.
The compass plant is one of the odd-
est creations of the vegetable king-
dom. It derives its name from the fact
that its leaves always point directly
north and south. So if you are out on
a western prairie and lose your way
just look for one of these plants and re-
member that they always point in the
directions indicated. Botanists call
this curious plant *Silphium laciniatum*.
It is unpretentious in appearance
and bears yellow flowers that are not
unlike field daisies. It has a remark-
ably thin leaf, so thin as to be notice-
able even to the untrained eye. The
compass plant is really a western
flower and is indigenous to the prairies
of that section.

Ice-Water Attracts Polesons.
A scientific paper adds these new ter-
rors to ice water as a beverage:
It says the water possesses the quality
of attracting to itself the poisonous
gases exhaled by the lungs and the pores
of the body. One of the best ways to
purify a freshly painted room is to set
about it basins of ice water, changing
them every few hours. The water in
these basins will be found to be deadly
poisonous.

The Real Reason.
Bride (at the wedding, to best man)—
Why is marriage often a failure?
Best Man—Because the bride does
not marry the best man.—Detroit Free
Press.

The Newest Envelope.
Opening an envelope by pulling a
string is the latest labor saving device.
Like all simple contrivances, it seems
quicker no one thought of it before, but
that doesn't impair its usefulness.
Any envelope can be equipped with
the opener. An ordinary piece of thread
is inserted at the top of the flap, and
when the flap is made the thread pro-
jects from the end. To open the en-
velope all that is necessary to do is to
pull back the thread.

This envelope opener is a New York
invention, and it promises to be very
popular with the busy business man.
Silly Question.
When a man has lost his pocketbook
or a gold collar stud, the question asked
him by nine people out of ten is,
"What did you lose?" And this is al-
ways a very silly question to the
loser, because if he knew where he lost
the article it is not reasonable to sup-
pose that he would be looking in 40
different places to find it.—London Tri-
bune.

Jerusalem has been partly or wholly
burned 17 times, each great conflagra-
tion being kindled when the city was
taken by a besieging force.



Stoves
Kinds
ALL
Sizes
Prices
Sporting Goods
OF ALL KINDS.
American Arms Co's Single Guns, Winchester & Marlin Rifles.
Ammunition of All kinds.

HASTINGS BROS.

BLUE STORE.

Hard Times Made Easy
By Trading with Us.

No Such Bargains ever offered
to the people of Oxford
County.

OUR MEN'S SUITS AT
\$4., 5., 7.50, 8.50, 9. & \$10 are val-
ues you cannot find elsewhere.
OUR OVERCOATS AND ULSTERS FROM
\$4.50 to \$10. is money saved to every
purchaser.
We are acknowledged the Leading Clothiers of
Oxford County. Come and See Us.
Blue Store, - Norway, Maine.
NOYES & ANDREWS, Props.

Our good \$10. Suit for Men.

The dictionary in defining the word good, says, "it's something
sound, suitable, valid, that which affords happiness and advantage."
There could be no more apt description of our \$10. suit for men. We
can only add that they are all wool guaranteed. That they are all
new Fall styles, well made, well trimmed and in every way a suit
well worth \$10. Most stores would value them higher. Never be-
fore have we seen such fabrics for the price. All judges of good
materials bear out this statement. We have them in many different
patterns. We have suited all who have seen them. We can suit
you. Just take a look at them, that won't cost any thing. If we
fit you out, and you are not satisfied you can have

Your Money Back if You Want It.

H. B. FOSTER,
NORWAY, - MAINE.
Opera House Block.

BLANKETS!

All Prices and Sizes.

FUR ROBES.

Large Assortment & Lowest Prices.

YOUNG'S HARNESS STORE, Bethel.

My Stock Consists of—
Spruce Dimensions, Lathes, Clapboards, Shingles, Bass,
Whitewood, No. Carolina, Norway, Spruce Western and
Sap Pine Sheathing.

Doors and Door Frames,
Outside and Inside Thresholds, Windows, Window
Frames, Stool Caps, Band Casings, Sur base, Weights
and Cord.
Cedar Sash and Frames, Blinds and Blind Trimmings,
Screen Doors, Whitewood Mantle Shelves, Hood Brackets,
Framing Pins, &c. Window Screens made to order.
Piazza Posts (Whitewood and Pine), Turned and Sawn.
Balustrade Newel Posts, Stair Rail and Balusters. Yellow
Birch, Rock Maple, So. Rift Pine and Spruce Flooring,
Western Pine, Cypress, Sycamore, Mahogany, Quartered
Oak, Whitewood, Gum, Black Walnut, Oregon Cedar,
Cherry, California Redwood and Native woods in stock.

H. L. HORNE,
Norway, Me.
TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

